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LIFE.



SPAIN has paid the piper,
And Yankee soldiers dance.
Anon the Yankee soldier cries:
"It's warm for so much exercise."

Agony Long Drawn Out.

CLARISSA: Henrietta, you needn't try to deceive me—you have some painful memories connected with that man.

HENRIETTA: Well, I think so. He kept me dressed up hot afternoons at that watering-place last summer and then didn't propose.



The profit isn't very big
In keeping up so brisk a jig.
We're almost ready *now* to drop—
Consarn that piper! Won't he stop?"
No. Spain has paid the piper.
Perpetual advance
Is what he plays, and as he pipes
The Yankee soldiers dance.

He Has No Tact.

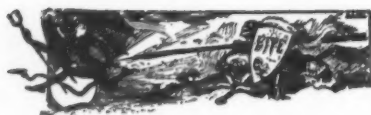
"MR. DINKEY has no tact at all,"
said Miss Gildersleeve to Miss
Frocks.

"Hasn't he?"

"No; he won't even pretend that he understands golf."



"IT ISN'T THAT IT HURTS, BUT—HOW MUCH MORE I NEED THAT PIECE OF CLOTH THAN HE."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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PROF. JAMES HYSLOP of Columbia University, a reputable and erudite gentleman of excellent standing in the academic world, has announced that he is upon the point of proving scientifically to the world that death does not end all, but that the spirit survives the body. Dr. Hyslop's special line of erudition includes psychology, and as a psychologist he has long been professionally interested

in the celebrated Mrs. Piper of Cambridge, the medium through whom the learned and inquisitive of Boston and the psychologists of Harvard have sought for a dozen years past for positive evidence of things suspected, but as yet not fully proved. According to all accounts, Mrs. Piper is a very wonderful person. Faith in her honesty is unshaken after years of close observation by scientific men, and the knowledge she seems to show of the minds of persons deceased is very extraordinary. Through her, Dr. Hyslop thinks, the continuance of life beyond the grave has been abundantly proved, and he says that when he gets his proofs in order and submits all his evidence to the public, its convincing nature will be generally admitted.

Let us hope that Dr. Hyslop's anticipations may be fully realized. We all value life beyond almost anything else, and the absolute certainty that there is more life coming to us after we have flushed with our mortal bodies would, as far as it goes, be clear gain. Dr. Hyslop thinks it will be an immense gain, and holds that it will rejuvenate the moral influence of the Church, and revolutionize the ideals of religion, morality and politics. To LIFE he seems oversanguine. There is very little likelihood that the evidence he relies on will appeal to more than a limited number of persons. The bulk of mankind is not likely to pay attention to it. Most of us believe, as it is, in the immortality of the soul, and live as we do in the light of that belief or in spite of it. To have our belief justified and strengthened by scientific proofs will not change our habits. The world is a strange world, and we who live in it are strange creatures. We live by the day—live like men in a dream. If the fact of death, a fact incessantly brought home to us, cannot make us live otherwise than we do, no certainty of existence after death will do so. No doubt, mankind as a whole is doing its best already. No doubt, to live wisely by the day is the best way to live. Probably Dr. Hyslop's expectations of acceptable scientific proof of the existence of spirits will be disappointed, but even if they are not, it will not make much difference. We have Moses and the prophets. If we have Dr. Hyslop's sure proof in addition, the world will roll on about the same, and the folks in it will continue to do their several turns according to their strength and their intelligence.



A SOUTHERN reader says of a recent discourse in LIFE about lynchings and race troubles in the South that, while its words are fair enough, its spirit is sneering and incredulous. If Northern discourse about Southern complications is wrong in spirit it is worse than useless, for the spirit is about all there is to such discourse. But are not our Southern neighbors somewhat prone to read into Northern utterances a spirit which does not belong to them? There is a great deal of Northern sympathy in these days

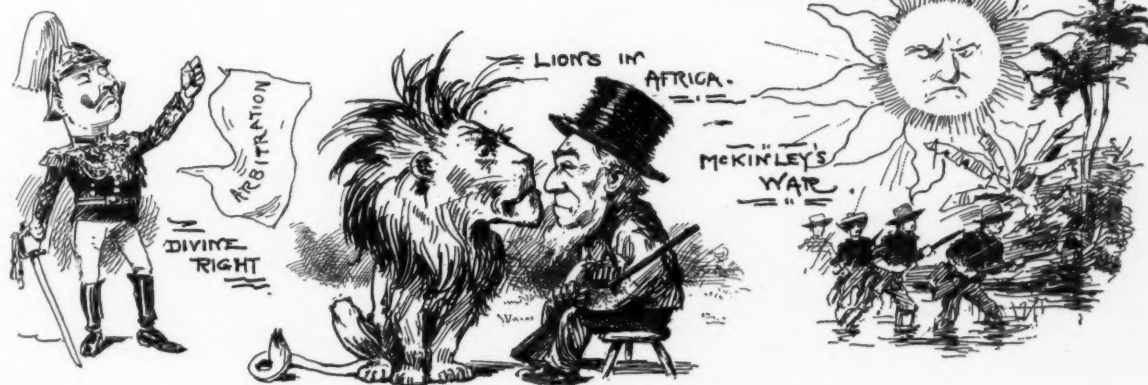
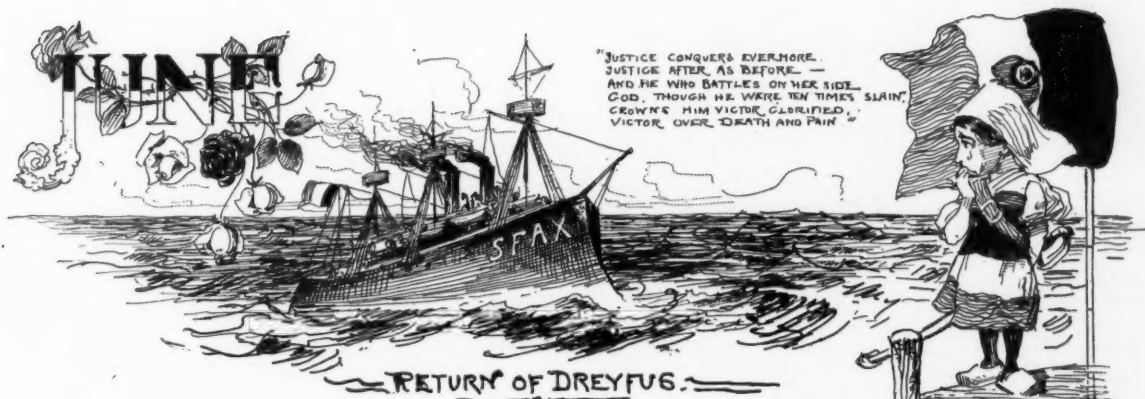
for the South as a section of the country that has a race problem on its hands. This sympathy is not for the whites alone, nor for the negroes alone, but for both. There are those in the North who believe that the Southern whites oppress the negroes, and there are others who believe that the lynchings and rows that we hear of are the fault of negro criminals. Northern knowledge of Southern affairs is not accurate nor exhaustive, and Northern writers are liable for that reason to do injustice in their criticisms. But the general spirit of the North towards the South is a just and friendly spirit, which has no mind to sneer, but wishes to be fair, and, if possible, helpful.



AS the result of careful experiments conducted at the request of the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Drink Problem, Professor Atwater of Wesleyan College has announced that two ounces of alcohol taken in twenty-four hours do a man no harm, but supply heat and muscular power, acting therefore as a food and not as an intoxicant. Two ounces are equal to about four tablespoonfuls.

More than that amount in a day, Professor Atwater says, is poisonous. The Committee of Fifty (of which President Low of Columbia is chairman) is a highly responsible and intelligent body, and the report of its chosen expert is important. The report coincides pretty closely with the results of casual observation. The average man whom we all observe takes more or less alcohol into his system. If it was as bad for him as the ultra-temperance people would have us believe, the world would be much worse off than it is.

It is not reported that Professor Atwater recommends the consumption of two ounces of alcohol a day as a health measure. All he says is that that amount of it daily is a food and not a poison. If his findings are sustained it seems proper that the gist of them should be set forth in the books on the effects of alcohol and tobacco which the public school children are compelled to study. If the children are to learn about alcohol let them learn the truth as far as it is possible to give it.





LIFE'S FARM AT BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$650 50	First subscription for 1899 on	
J. H. W.....	5 00	account of Westchester eighth	
H. B. H.....	200 00	annual subscription.....	\$100 00
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Jas. R. Steers.....	5 00	From Junius and Baby Sister,	
▲ Well-Wisher.....	25 00	"In Memoriam".....	3 00
			\$1,043 50

Independence Day.

NOW the morn breaks with a crash,
With a roar, a boom, a smash
We're awakened at a most unseemly
hour;
While our wrath we scarce control,
Patriotic thunders roll,
And our milk of human kindness is
turned sour.

When we go into the street
Crackers burst beneath our feet,
And the smell of burning powder gives
offense;

Though 'tis incense of the day,
It is burned in such a way
Its effect is all our feelings to incense.

Patriotism! Must it burn
And explode at every turn,
Leaving joy and wounds and charred wrecks everywhere?
Will there never be surcease
Of War's echo, so that Peace
Can just settle down and teach us not to swear?

Wood Levette Wilson.

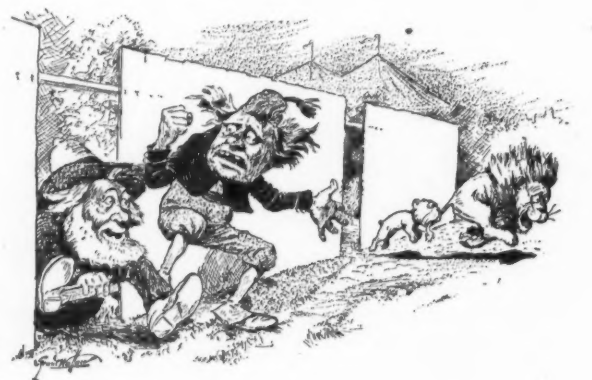
THE Peace Conference must not be permitted to succeed. That would mean that there would be no more war. Consequently, no more Secretaries of War. No more canned beef. No more commissions for politicians' sons. No more army contracts. No more Egan. No more Alger. It must not be.

FIERCE.



The Lion Tamer: OLD THUNDER, THE MAN-EATING LION, HAS BROKE INTO YER GARDEN. QUICK, MAN, AND TIE UP YER DOG!

"OH, LET HIM EAT THE COWARDLY PUP! WHAT DO I CARE?"



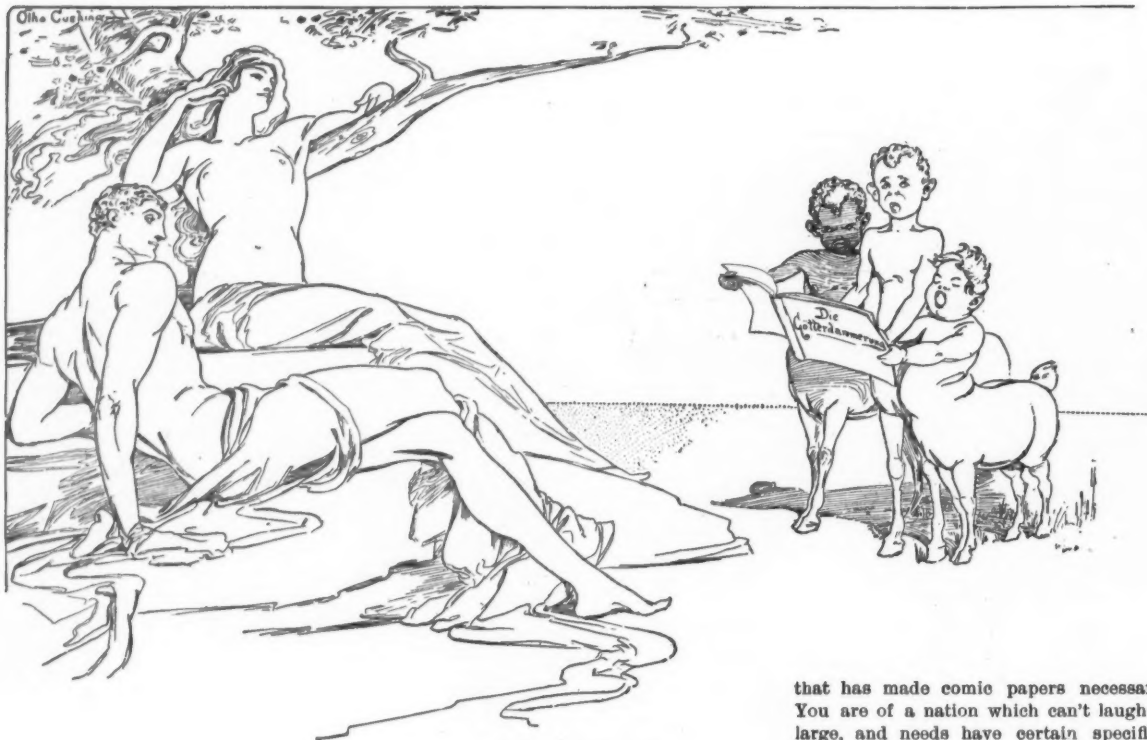


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THE CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM.

"YOU WANT TO MARRY MY DAUGHTER? WHICH ONE OF THE TEN? MAUD, EH?" (To confidential clerk) "IS MAUD ENGAGED YET, JOHN?"
 Clerk (consulting book): NOT AT PRESENT, SIR.

"THEN PUT THE BARON THROUGH THE USUAL COURSE OF QUESTIONS, AND, IF SATISFACTORY, PUT HIM ON MAUD'S ELIGIBLE LIST. (To suitor) AS
 SOON AS WE CAN ARRANGE THE DESIRABILITY OF THE VARIOUS APPLICANTS WE WILL LET YOU KNOW THE RESULT. GOOD-DAY, SIR."



A FIRST REHEARSAL.

BOOKS

More of Max Beerbohm's Social Satire.

HAVING called his first small book "The Works of Max Beerbohm," that serenely impertinent young writer follows with a slim volume entitled "More" (John Lane). He is smart—atrociously smart; that is his stock-in-trade as a writer. He attracts attention to his style as a bad little boy does to his new clothes, by making faces at respectable elderly people and calling them naughty names—and then running around the block.

Max Beerbohm delights in sticking pins into respectability. Naturally, he begins with Royalty. He does not think much of the business of being a Prince. "We know that there is a crimson drugget which underlies their every footstep from the cradle to the mausoleum." He does not like things made so easy—"there is no reciprocity, no endeavor, no salt of life."

While the spectacular part of the business of royalty might be very well carried on by a well-regulated automaton, Mr. Beerbohm, nevertheless, condescends to believe that

the whole royal establishment is worth what it costs as a safety-valve for patriotic emotion! It justifies itself by making its appeal "to that idolatrous instinct which is quite unmoved by the cheap and nasty inmates of the Elysée or of the White House."

Our own papers are good at calling Mr. McKinley names, but they have never quite descended to "cheap and nasty."

THE huge searchlight of the author's intellect is then turned upon *Punch*, and the weak spot in his armor is revealed. *Punch* has become "a national institution"—therefore it is "pompous and respectable." But satire ought to be irresponsible, and tilt at respectability as well as at passing follies. If Mr. Beerbohm had the editorial chair of Mr. Burnand he would show *Punch* how to do it! No more deadly puns, Mr. *Punch*; no more barrel-organ parodies, and no more Baron de Book Worms!

But if *Punch* became really funny, would it still remain "a national institution"? Mr. Beerbohm thinks not. It fills its place in the national placidity. The British family takes *Punch* as a weekly dose of humor, because humor is believed to be good for the soul. "It is your own dullness

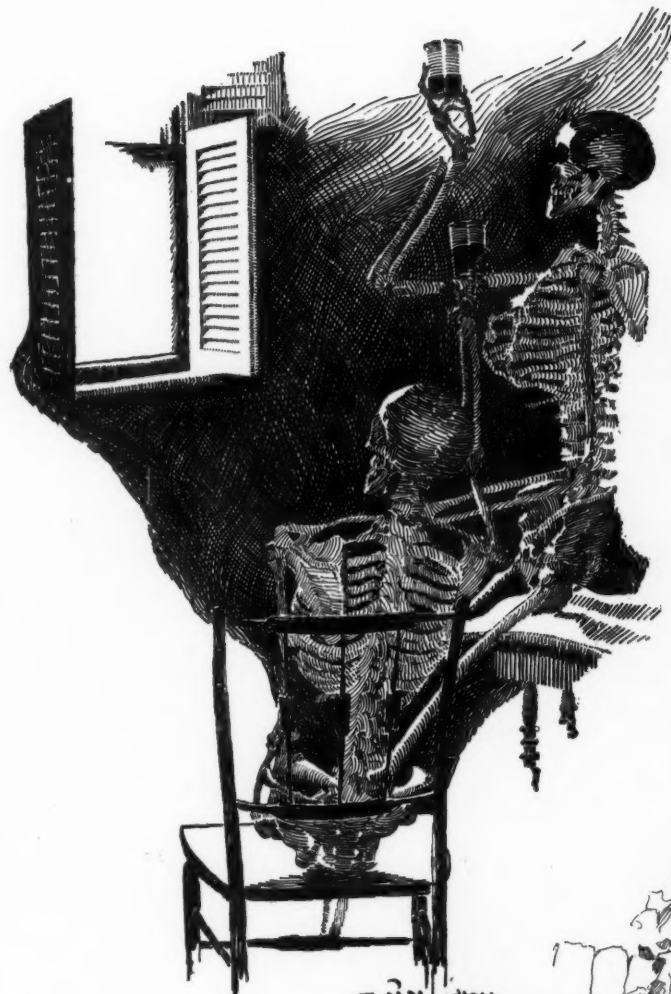
that has made comic papers necessary. You are of a nation which can't laugh at large, and needs have certain specified places and occasions for its mirth." *Punch* as a specific for national humor takes its place where it belongs—among proprietary medicines.

MR. BEERBOHM dislikes most things, but occasionally reveals an enthusiasm. He adores Ouida, and compares her with Meredith, and incidentally with Carlyle, Browning and Swinburne, on the score of "sheer vitality," whatever that may be. He prefers the drawings of Alfred Bryan to those of Phil May; and he is "quite indifferent to serious music." Moreover, he is glad that he is not a schoolboy, but is "grown up," and can sleep late in the morning, have a "warm breakfast," read Romeike's clippings about himself, or smoke a cigarette.

That is Mr. Beerbohm's idea of being a real, grown-up man! Some day he may become even older and wiser than he now is, though he may not believe it. If he does he will not be nearly so "smart" and self-conscious. He will make fewer phrases, and think more about those he prints. He will cease to pat the universe on the back while he whispers his own opinions in its ear.

In the meantime, he is an amusing social satirist who has the good taste to write short essays and eschew long novels.

Droch.



"WELL, HERE'S TO WAR. IT'S A SPLENDID THING!"
 "IT IS, AND SOME WARS ARE BETTER THAN OTHERS."
 "YES, BUT THEY ARE ALL SPLENDID. THE WHOLE
 IDEA OF WAR IS IMMENSE. WHY, IF IT HADN'T BEEN
 FOR THIS RECENT INVASION YOU AND I WOULD BE AT
 HOME, IN THE FLESH TO-DAY, WITH OUR FAMILIES."
 "TRUE, BUT OUR DEATHS WERE GLORIOUS, AND IN A
 HOLY CAUSE."
 "YOU MEAN SHOOTING SPANIARDS?"
 "YES, AND FILIPINOS."
 "BUT I DIDN'T SHOOT ANYBODY. I DIED OF STARVA-
 TION AND NEGLECT."
 "SO DID I."

THE rumor that the chieftains of Tam-
 many propose to buy Muckross Abbey
 and the Killarney Lakes in Ireland will doubt-
 less facilitate the purchase of those interesting
 relics by local subscription. Yet a Tammany
 administration of the Killarney district would
 be interesting, and might be useful to demon-
 strate to London that the men who govern
 New York are not quite as savage as British
 fancy paints them.

It Had To Be.

"CHOOSE between us!"

Winkleton folded up his evening newspaper and savagely
 threw it on the floor.

"Yes, madame," he continued, "I tell you right now that you
 can't have both of us. The last time that dressmaker was in the
 house for a week I vowed that I never would stand it again, and
 I won't. As for being under the same roof with two half-crazy and
 absorbed women, and requiring a rake every morning to get the
 odd pieces of cloth out of my clothes—to hear the rattle and whir
 of that confounded sewing-machine, and to sit at my meals and
 listen to a lot of cut bias and *gros grain*, ruffled, and flounced, and
 pleated talk, I've had all I'm ever going to have. If I'm to be
 turned out of my own house, all right; but you can't have both of
 us. I leave the day she comes. You'll have to make your decision
 quick. Come, madame, which shall it be, the dressmaker or me?"

Mrs. Winkleton looked at her husband with a hopeless, half-
 despairing look, in which were discernible some traces of indigna-
 tion and a sense of injustice.

"If you must go, dear, why, I have nothing more to say."

Tom Masson.

A Celestial Reproach.

DOROTHY: Mamma, if I should die, would I go to
 heaven?

"Why, yes, darling; of course you would."

"And if you should die, would you go to heaven, too?"

"I hope so, dear."

"I hope so, too; because it would be very awkward for me
 to be known as the little girl whose mother is in hell."

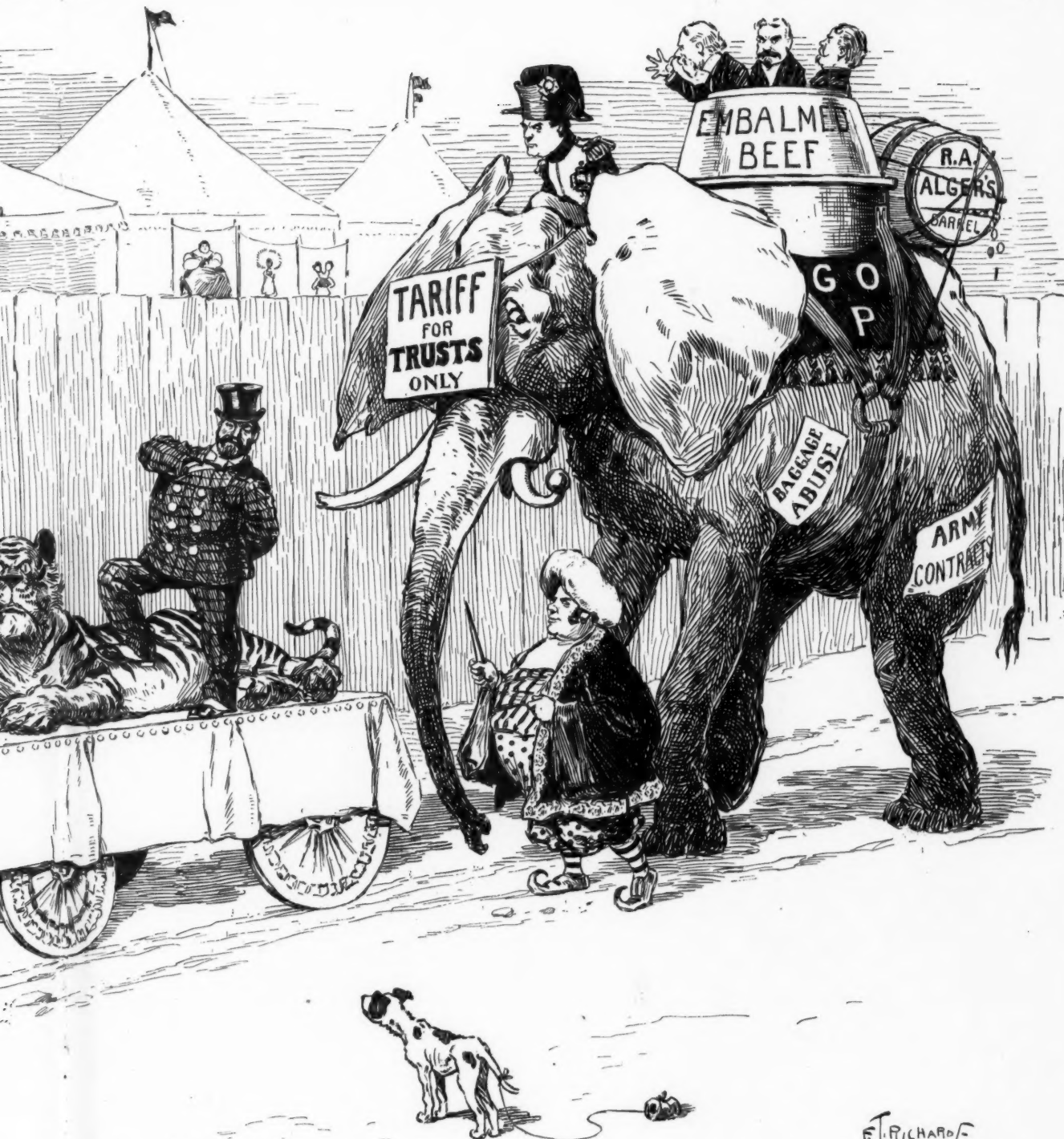
AN honest Secretary of War is the noblest work of God.



The Parson: I HEAR DE ANGELS DONE FOTCHED YO' ANUDDER BABY BRUDDER?
 "YAAAS, BUT IT JEST SEEMS LAK DEM ANGELS PICKS US OUT DE BLACKEST
 BABIES UP DERE!"



LIFE.





The Calf (to itself). I WISH THAT FOG-HORN WOULD STOP BLOWING; I ALWAYS CONFUSE IT WITH MOTHER'S VOICE.



QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

WHEN Tammany Hall annexes the Lakes of Killarney, a new stanza will have to be added to the famous song to commemorate Tammany's generosity. In that event the Poets' Union will have to decide whether "Tammany" can properly be allowed to rhyme with "Killarney."

AS the tariff laws are and have been, it is the consumer, *i. e.*, the great mass of the people, who has terribly suffered, to the great advantage of the few of the business community.—*Testimony of Henry O. Havemeyer before the Industrial Commission.*

This is substantial evidence. A millionaire presumably knows what he is talking about when he sets forth the reasons for the rich becoming richer and the poor poorer.

HERE are a few more remarks which, coming from the same authority, should be balm indeed to the supporters of our unjust protective taxation.

The true "communism of pelf" is the Customs Tariff bill. It says to the people: "Here is the law we have enacted for your robbery. Do not complain of it, but do your utmost to attack and injure the machinery engaged in extracting from you what we legislate shall be taken from you. Keep up the clatter while the voters on the Tariff

bill take advantage of the noise to enact laws that cause your impoverishment and thus contribute to the greed and avarice of the few.

It is the government, through its tariff laws, which plunders the people, and the trusts, etc., are merely the machinery for doing it.

The expense of the government must, of course, be provided for. Beyond that there is no excuse for giving to one industry a protection of one hundred per cent. as against four per cent. for another. The result is that the government fleeces the community at large in the interest of some favored industry.

In fact, the Tariff bill clutches the people by the throat.

The mother of all trusts is the Customs Tariff bill. The existing bill and the preceding one have been the occasion of the formation of all the large trusts, with very few exceptions, inasmuch as they provide for an inordinate protection.



WHAT'S to become of Shakespeare if we permit such assaults on him as Miss Adams's unconventional *Juliet* and Madame Bernhardt's very up-to-date *Hamlet*? We haven't heard that the divine Sarah smokes a cigarette through the "To be or not to be" speech, but it would not be surprising in a country where "Hail, Macbeth!" is translated "Ah, Monsieu Macbeth! Comment vous portez vous?"

GROUND has been broken for the great Pan-American Buffalo Fair of 1901. The Fair managers have incredible sums of money at their disposition, and Buffalo is

reported to be just as enthusiastic about the Fair as ever. Brazil has appropriated six hundred thousand dollars for an exhibit. Think of that! There will be great sights at that Fair, but the most interesting sight of all will be Buffalo with the Fair on its hands. No one who knows Buffalo will fail to see that.

THE New York *Herald* says the canned-beef issue is dead. This is a slight inaccuracy. It is the American soldiers who ate the beef who are dead.

THAT fine old divided ruin, the Democratic party, is advertising for a platform. What it needs more is a candidate whom people needn't be ashamed to vote for.

OUR English cousins have a way of doing some things better than we do. It was recently discovered that Sir Thomas Lipton's tea

company was selling packages of that commodity and including the wrapping in the weight. That these formed a considerable portion of the whole is shown by the statement made at the trial, that the company's profit from this source alone was eighty-five thousand dollars a year. A criminal action has just been brought against the company, resulting in a conviction, and the imposition of a fine of ten pounds. It would be interesting to know how much twine, paper and pasteboard is annually sold in the United States at the market rate for tea, coffee, sugar and candy.

THE Council Committee on Highways gave a hearing yesterday on President Guggenheimer's proposed ordinance to keep trucks off Fifth Avenue during certain hours. John W. Ball of 245 Fifth Avenue presented a petition, signed by residents of all parts of the city, protesting against any restriction of traffic on the avenue.—*Daily Newspaper.*

An excellent illustration of civic pride and patriotism as it exists among New York's so-called "better element." Mr. Ball and his truckmen friends "of all parts of the city" were duly represented.

THE high-school colleges are busy at their annual task of indiscriminately scattering honorary degrees. We observe with much interest that Denison (O.) University has just conferred the M. A. diploma on a young woman school-teacher in Brooklyn. May she wear the distinguished honor with becoming modesty.

A MORNING CALL.



MARK TWAIN has come out of his swamp down in Vienna, and is having a bully time in dear old London. He must be getting a fine lot of English material for his embalmed memoirs.

FRANCE would be a good pasture into which to turn some of our superfluous elements. It couldn't possibly hurt France, and might help us. For instance, how beautifully our Southern lynchers and the gentlemen who are conducting the Baker-Howard feud would offset the "flower of the French nobility" who mobbed President Loubet. We could also spare Secretary Alger to reform the French army. Let him once introduce his canned-beef methods, and pretty soon there wouldn't be any French army. And how quickly the whole Dreyfus matter might be settled if our yellow journals would only

migrate to Paris, and start their career by kidnapping that ingenuous infant, Esterhazy.

AS for Du Paty de Clam, he should have been arrested fifty years ago. No man bearing such a name could fail of turning out badly. Grave disasters might have been averted had he been guillotined the day after his christening.

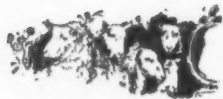
THE Harper-McClure combination gives currency to dire rumors that the Octopus has gone into literature. This means that Pegasus will be turned out to grass, and that the underground trolley will be introduced into the paths of literature, with transfers at all intersecting points.





F. V. Gillitt '09.

Take Thought for Boston.



OUR friends in the South, if they have leisure, can make some return for the solicitude with which the good people of Boston discuss their difficult problems, by bestowing some attention on the curious things that go on in Boston. The annual meeting of the Christian Scientists was held there the other day. Ten thousand converts attended it.

Christian Science is a puzzling persuasion. What do our friends in Georgia, Alabama and Texas think about it? Do more persons die of it than is reasonably toler-

able? Is it all bogus, or are there glimmerings of important truth in it? Does it breed lawlessness beyond reasonable limits? Does it destroy the harmony of too many homes? Is it a nuisance, and, if so, is it too great a nuisance to be tolerated? Finally, is Boston getting to be so saturated and bedeviled with it as to require outside aid to save her?

Rise up, Texas! Awake, Alabama! Don't let Boston go to the intellectual bow-wows and die of malpractice for lack of eloquent, timely exhortation from you. She labors faithfully with you and your problems. Surely you owe her some attention in her straits.

A New 'Method.

SHE'D never goled, and we gathered 'round with solemn looks, but in fiendish glee, We'd all been there in the days long gone, and we pictured well what her stroke would be;

We knew exactly the way she'd stand, and how she'd manage her club so new, We knew the way she would fan the air, we knew the way she would whack her shoe.

And then we thought, as she took her place, how chunks of turf soon would fly about, And how the ball would lie still and grin, as you have known them to do, no doubt.

But no! Instead of the fun we'd planned, she made us open our eyes and stare, For straight and true flew the little ball, like a rifle shot, through the summer air.

I sought her side when the day was done, and begged her tell me if it were luck

That made her strike with an aim so true, like some old Scot full of skill and pluck.

"Why, no," said she, "but it seemed absurd for me to strike at a thing so small,

And so I closed both my eyes quite tight, and never aimed at the ball at all!"

Wallace Dunbar Vincent.



"WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE."



The Earnest Student: THIS MUST BE THE MAN-EATING TIGER.



THE SOCRATIC METHOD: SUFFOLK COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS.

He: REALLY, EDITH, IT SEEMS TO ME THE ARGUMENT IS ALL ON MY SIDE. YOUR FACULTIES ARE FAR BETTER TRAINED THAN MINE, AND I CANNOT BUT THINK IT IS MUCH MORE FEASIBLE FOR YOU TO LEARN TO LOVE ME, THAN FOR ME, WITH MY SLOW, STUBBORN MIND, TO BEGIN ALL OVER AND LEARN TO LOVE SOME OTHER GIRL.

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY'S election to the presidency of Yale recalls a tradition prevalent there when he was a member of the student body. The future President was in the class of 1876 and carried off the valedictory in that year. Every student in college was acquainted with his personality, for they had all spent many long hours over the admirable Greek grammar written by his father, Professor James Hadley, and therefore took an especial interest in his son. So convinced were the Yale men of the Hadley family's innate knowledge of Greek, that it was more or less implicitly believed among them that when Arthur Hadley was born and for the first time laid in his father's arms, he raised his hands in a classical Greek gesture, and exclaimed: "Πατήρ ἔρχομαι." (Patér, erkomai! — Father, I am come!)

To which his father replied in true professional tones: "Wrong, my son; not the Perfect tense—the Second Aorist—ἦλθον. (Elthon—I have come.)

"CHARGE!" shouted the gallant Colonel.

One private alone hung back. He formerly had been a clerk in Pusher's dry-goods store, where anything not a cash sale is treason.



"A BAR-MAID."



"Um-m-m!" said Mr. Shivers, thoughtfully, laying down his paper. "I believe there is something in that."

"In what?" asked Mrs. Shivers.

"Why, in their 'Health Hints for the Helpless,' they say that the reaction and afterglow of cold morning baths is an infallible cure for neuralgia and rheumatism," explained Mr. Shivers.

"Cold water right out of the spigot, without any warm water at all?" cried Mrs. Shivers.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Shivers.

"O-o-o-h, I couldn't!" shuddered Mrs. Shivers.

Mr. Shivers smiled a superior smile.

"Of course it is rather heroic treatment, and requires considerable moral as well as physical courage, but to a man convinced of its efficacy that is of no consequence," he said, complacently, "and I certainly shall give it a fair trial. Besides," he continued, fortifying his sudden resolution, "it is not one sudden, freezing plunge, but a gradual immersion while you very slowly count six. Like this: one, and you put in one foot; two, you put in the other; three, you sink upon one knee; four, you kneel on both; five, you plunge in your arms; and six, you immerse your body. So, after all, it is not so very dreadful. Yes, I shall certainly try it to-morrow morning."

However, Mr. Shivers did not seem so enthusiastic in the morning. His wife let the cold water run, according to his instructions, until the tub was full to overflowing; but in spite of reiterated information to that effect, he still lingered in bed.

"Jeremiah," cried Mrs. Shivers at last, from the bureau where she was doing up her hair, "this is the eleventh time I've called you, and you just must get up. You'll be late for breakfast as it is. You needn't try that bath if you are afraid of it," she added, with a laugh.

Slowly and reluctantly Mr. Shivers crept out from under

the warm covers, silently casting a look full of reproach upon his smiling spouse, and into the bathroom, with the laggard step of one who has something weighing upon his mind. Then there was a long, a very long, wait. Nor was it until his wife had several times exhorted him to "Hurry up, Jeremiah!" that she heard him say:

"O-o-o one. Ouch! Gosh!"

Then there was another wait, and another exhortation.

"T-t-t-t-two. Ow-ow-ow-wow!"

Another wait and exhortation.

"Th-th-th-th-three-e-e-e," next came chattering from the bathroom, immediately followed by a blood-curdling shout and a tremendous splash. Then there was a succession of agonized yells, and what Mrs. Shivers at first took for a streak of lightning flashed out of the bathroom, plunged into bed, and rolled itself tightly up in the covers.

"Why, Jeremiah!" gasped Mrs. Shivers.

Mr. Shivers simply glared and shivered.

"Woman," he growled, when he could control his chattering teeth, "did you leave that cake of soap in the bottom of the bathtub on purpose?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

At a military bazaar in England an officer thought he fancied a certain article exposed for sale at one of the stalls, and he was certain he fancied the lady who presided at the stall. He remarked, therefore, that he thought that particular article very pretty. The lady said: "Yes, it is very pretty. My mother sent it."

"Ah, really," pursued the officer, determined to discover the name of the owner of the eyes that had bewitched him, "really, let me see—I think I have met your mother. Her name is —"

"The Queen of England," answered the lady.

The officer did not wait for the fancied article.

—*Argonaut*.



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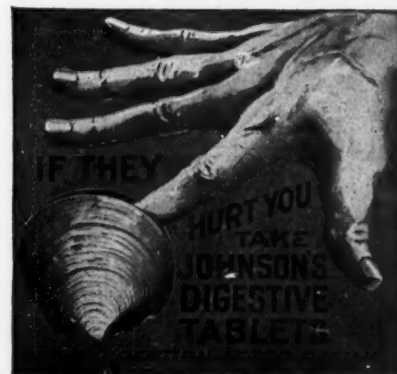
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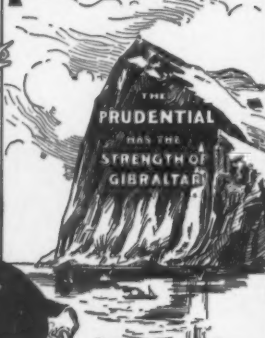
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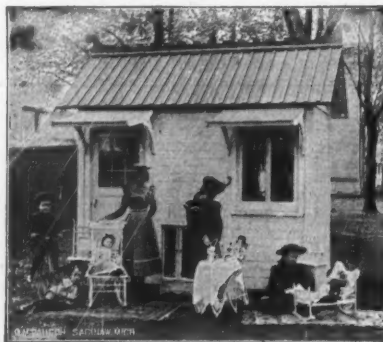
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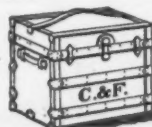
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